

CHALONER'S BOOK READ IN COURT TO PROVE HIS SANITY

Member of Chanler Family Who Changed His Name Begins Legal Fight.

WANTS HIS PROPERTY.

Lawyer Tells Judge of Family Troubles, Which Began at Marriage With Noted Writer.

The selection of a jury to determine the sanity of John Armstrong Chaloner in this State was quickly completed this afternoon in the United States District Court. Mr. Chaloner was not present, though he has a Federal court order permitting him to come into this State for the purpose of this case without any restraint or interference. He will probably make use of it during the inquiry.

A notable array of lawyers represented Chaloner, who changed his name because he did not like his brothers, Winthrop Astor, William Astor, Lewis Stuyvesant and Robert W. Chanler ("Sheriff Bob") of Cavalier experience. These same brothers caused Mr. Chaloner to be committed to Bloomingdale's Asylum after, as Mr. Chaloner contends, he had been lured to this State by the late Stanford White, the architect who was killed by Harry K. Thaw.

A committee of Mr. Chaloner's person was appointed, which took charge of Mr. Chaloner's \$100,000 property in this State. This committee, in the person of Thomas F. Sherman, is the defendant in this action. The suit is technically a suit to discharge the committee and to put Mr. Chaloner into direct possession of his property.

HIS PROPERTY WOULD REVERT TO HIS RELATIVES.

Should he die with the judgment of insanity still resting against him, no will made by him would be legal in this State and his property here would revert to his relatives.

Mr. Chaloner is represented by Joseph H. Choate Jr., an unborn haired youth of manners resembling in quality and gentility those of his distinguished parent.

Mr. Chaloner's lawyers are Hugh Gordon, Ellen F. A. Ware, William D. Reed of this city and W. Gilbert Dana of Charlottesville, Va.

Lawyer Ware opened the Chaloner side of the case. He dwelt on the government of Mr. Chaloner as a business man, educator and author. Mr. Ware quoted "Chaloner on Insanity" as conclusive proof that the lunacy laws of this State give a man charged with insanity no proper opportunity to prove his sanity. He also referred to Mr. Chaloner's narrative of his Bloomingdale experience "Four Years Behind the Bars," as in itself proper evidence that Mr. Chaloner was at all times able to take care of himself and his property.

TELLS ABOUT TROUBLES WITH HIS FAMILY.

Mr. Ware said Mr. Chaloner's trouble with his family began, when as a young man he had a fight with Winthrop Astor Chanler in which Winthrop got cut on the head. "I," said Mr. Ware, "the brother was still, apparently, a lively memory."

There was a bigger breach in the family when Aleda Emma, W. A. Chanler, Robert M. Chanler, Winthrop Chanler and Louis Chanler were not invited to Chaloner's wedding when he married Amelia Rivera, now the Princess Frontenac. Margaret Chanler, a sister, was the only member of his immediate family there. This, said Mr. Ware, was because Winthrop Astor Chanler had sent him a copy of "The Quick and the Dead," with scurrilous marginal notes.

MADE A WILL OMBINHERING HIS RELATIVES.

Mr. Chaloner made a will which disinherited all but one of his brothers and sisters and left the bulk of his property to the University of Virginia.

Stanford White, after acquaintances of several years, visited Mr. Chaloner in Virginia and counsel him for burying himself in the country and began leading up to his finally successful effort to get Mr. Chaloner to get back to New York.

"Just before that," said Mr. Ware, "Mr. Chaloner and his brother, William Astor Chanler, were traveling in the compartment of a Pullman car. Mr. Chaloner saw a paragraph in a newspaper accusing William A. Chanler and the trainer of his racing stable of die-honesty in racing the horse Salvoce. W. A. Chanler did not seem to resent the criticism and to Mr. Chaloner's disgust and they quarrelled and did not speak for years.

Stanford White and a Dr. Fuller went to Virginia on the same train with Winthrop A. Chanler and with Mr. Chaloner in the baggage car surrounded him to get to New York, with W. A. Chanler in concealment on the same train. Mr. Ware called Stanford White the "leptostopheles" of the conspiracy.

TO GET A GOLD IN ONE DAY.

Mr. Chaloner's narrative of his Bloomingdale experience "Four Years Behind the Bars," as in itself proper evidence that Mr. Chaloner was at all times able to take care of himself and his property.

MRS. KNICKERBOCKER KEEPS HOUSE

Heartbreaking Experience of Hunting a Flat in New York—Second of a Series of Articles by Nicola Greeley-Smith.

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Apartments Advertised as Magnificent, With Views of the Hudson, Large, Sunlighted Bedrooms and Servants' Baths, Are Gloomy Cubby Holes at High Rates.

There Are the Flashy, Imposing Entrance and Gilded Hallway, but the Only Other Magnificent Features Are Gorgeous Women Tenants and a Haughty Superintendent.



NICOLA GREELEY-SMITH

Which to choose of the glittering array of magnificent New York apartments—all at "moderate rentals," with magnificent views of the Hudson, imposing entrances and hallways, large, sunlit bedrooms and "servants' baths"—this is the problem which confronts little Mrs. Knickerbocker when she sits, scissors in hand, among the skeletonized remains of the Sunday papers and surveys the stack of advertisements she has selected for Monday's tour.

Perhaps she has never searched for an apartment before. In that event she will realize before another sun has set that John D. Rockefeller or J. Pierpont Morgan must make a little money on the side by writing the advertisements of New York apartment houses, for no individual less affluent than either of these financiers could describe any rental in New York as "moderate."

But Mrs. Knickerbocker sallies forth Monday morning with the idea of obtaining five or six sunlit rooms of moderate rental. Or perhaps she has been told by a wiser friend that apartment rentals average \$10 a month for each room, and is prepared to pay \$10 monthly, though she knows Mr. Knickerbocker's salary doesn't warrant such a large expenditure for rent.

Still on that bright, inexperienced Monday morning she expects to set the very best she has in the city for her \$30 and she takes a street car to the first address.

To her inexperienced mind it does not seem strange that a street number which indicates clearly the middle of a block should be advertised as "commanding a magnificent view of the Hudson."

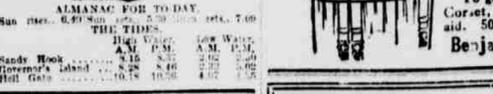
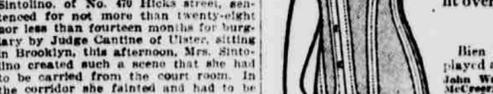
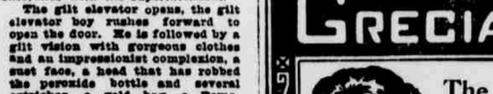
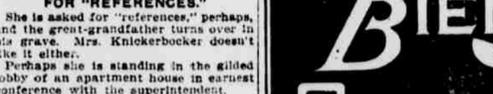
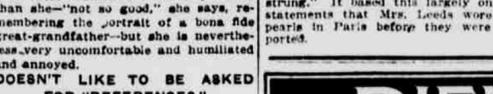
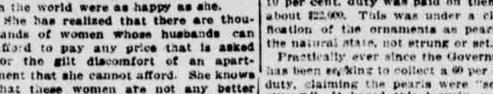
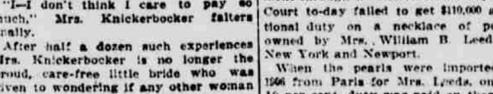
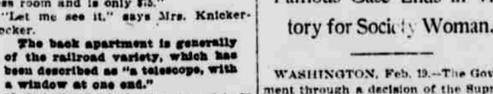
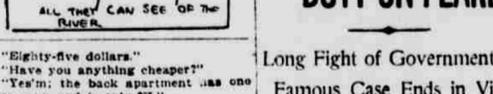
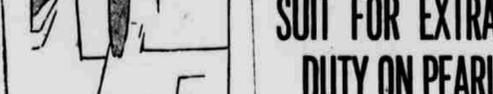
Even when she crosses the impressive threshold of the "Knickerbocker Arms" or the "Stratford Court" or the "Golden Sunset" it does not occur to her that the North River would have to change its course as often as the Mississippi if it had a friendly desire to help its advertisers to make good.

CAUGHT BY FLASHY ENTRANCES AND BRONZE LAMPS.

Probably she likes the entrance with its gaudy rugs and tinted marble, the bronze lamps and tinted marble, the Venuses, those faithful perchers of bewery art. To her dazzled eye, life amid such magnificent surroundings will be almost equal to "living in a hotel," and this to all feminine souls who have haven't tried it and to many who have touched the zenith of luxury and amission.

"I would like to look at apartments," Mrs. Knickerbocker declares to the ebony youth engaged at the switchboard, and the youth after completing the elevator with a series of "jokes" to the gilded tenant, and the prospective tenant is dazed if not alarmed by the refrain, "How Do You Do It, Mabel, on \$20 a Week?"

Once inside the fourth floor front she sees one small room papered in red,



PAT, MAT AND ALL MONY ALL ON JOB IN WHEELER SUIT

Poor Hubby Finds Matrimony a Lemon, Cause Patrimony Won't Pay His Alimony.

Albert Gallatin Wheeler Jr., husband of "the pretty girl in the red tights," is most decently broke, don'tcher-know. If it wasn't for the money his papa gives him he would find it blooming hard to pay carfare, buy cigarettes or get a manicure. And he used to be such a big spender and carry a million dollars in a satchel and all that sort of thing!

These pitiful revelations were made in the separation and alimony suit of Mrs. Claudia Caristedi Wheeler, on trial to-day in Part III of the Supreme Court before Justice Newburger. Mrs. Wheeler doesn't wear red tights any more. She used to when she played a part in "The Mandarin," but to-day she appeared in court in a most fetching blue hobble skirt.

She now has a judicial order for \$5,000 a year alimony, but dear me, she can't live on that, she says. Her tastes are simple and she has suffered, oh! so much, so she could manage to live a sort of lovely female hermit life on \$10,000 a year, but nothing less, Judgment, my, no!

Mr. Wheeler doesn't question all that. He's entirely too nice a man to say that any lady should try to live on less than \$10,000 a year, but by Jove, he doesn't know where he is to get the \$10,000 because papa won't give him that much to pay alimony.

Mr. Wheeler took the witness stand himself to-day and told his own sorrowful story. POOR MR. WHEELER! AIN'T IT AWFUL HOW MONEY GOES? But before Mr. Wheeler testified Mrs. Annie B. Caristedi of Chicago, mother of Mrs. Wheeler, took the stand. She was asked to describe the style in which Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler lived.

"It was elegant," she said, "the finest I ever saw. There was everything that money could buy." Then Attorney John V. Bouvier Jr. for Mr. Wheeler made his opening statement. He pathetically told the tale of Mrs. Wheeler's financial distress.

Did Mr. Wheeler ever have money? The tender-hearted listeners held their breath. He did.

What did he do with it? Well, there was J. B. Russell & Co. J. B. Russell & Co. was a sort of sponge to soak up a young man's money, also.

How much of Mr. Wheeler's money was so sponged away? He put in \$5 per cent of the firm's capital. There was \$110,000 in cash. And it was his very own. Then there was his seat on the Stock Exchange—value \$75,000. It was really, really his, too. And there was \$75,000 worth of stocks and bonds that belonged to him, too. Besides

that, there was \$501,000 in bonds of the Illinois Tunnel Company, a Chicago subway corporation. Those funds Mr. Wheeler borrowed from papa.

Where is all this wealth now? Ah, where are the moneys of yesterday? J. B. Russell & Co. were bond and stock brokers. They endeavored to float Illinois Tunnel Company bonds, but the bonds were not properly ballasted, or sprung a leak or something—anyway, they wouldn't float. Then J. B. Russell & Co. bought outright \$2,000,000 worth of them, borrowing the money from Kuhn, Loeb & Co. to do so. Kuhn, Loeb & Co. called the loan.

There was a great deal of excitement and scurrying around and the money to pay the loan was raised piecemeal, but incidentally Mr. Wheeler's seat on the Stock Exchange was "hooked" for a liability of \$100,000, held by J. Kennedy Tod & Co., which Mr. Wheeler assumed personally on behalf of his firm.

What is the present value of Mr. Wheeler's earthly possessions, exclusive of his beauty? Woe, woe, the total value of these possessions, namely the Stock Exchange seat, is \$75,000, with a lien for nearly twice that amount against it.

Now, about that country home at Portchester, it was a costly place, was it not? Well, you might say it was. The original price paid for the property was \$16,000, and about \$12,000 more was spent on improvements.

When J. B. Russell & Co. first began business in 1890 Mr. Wheeler was to have \$15,000 salary and \$5,000 for expenses, but the firm, he said, never paid any profits, so he really owed all he actually drew, his salary being dependent on the concern's earning the money to pay it.

"Fatted Calf" a Day Late. There will be no performance to-night of "The Fatted Calf" at Daly's Theatre. A change in the cast made it necessary to hold it over until Tuesday night, allowing for another day's rehearsal. Tickets purchased for to-night's performance will be honored Tuesday and those for Tuesday, on Wednesday.

Advance Suit Sale! Actual \$20 Value \$15

To-morrow, Tuesday. Dozens and dozens of dashing Spring Suits. Never has there been a greater profusion of newest Spring styles. They attest forcibly the Bedell ability to lead in distinctive apparel without jeopardizing the standard Bedell fame.

One Style Pictured. This is but one exemplification of our charming array, made in finest French serge, in tan, navy and black, and peerlessly braided in the new Bohemian design. Truly a marvel in material and workmanship, handsomely satin lined.

Alterations FREE. SALE AT ALL THREE STORES. Bedell

11 and 16 West 14th Street—New York. 460 and 462 Fulton Street—Brooklyn. 645-651 Grand Street—Newark, N. J.

Specials in Ladies' Hosiery. Ladies' Black Silk Hose, \$1.00 Pair—Guaranteed to give satisfactory wear. Extra tops to prevent drop stitching below the welt. Lisle lined inner soles. Also with Cotton feet.

Black Lisle and Cotton Hose, \$2.00 half dozen or 35c pair—Regular trunk tops and out sizes. 35c a pair. Values 50c and 75c a pair.

Two-toned and Richelieu Rib Boot Effects, \$1.85 a pair—All good shades and mixtures. Value \$3.00.

Marabout Boas, Scarfs, Etc. We also place on Sale to-morrow a new Spring line of Marabout Collarettes and Scarfs in natural, black and smoke, at \$5.50, 6.00, 7.50 to 25.00 each. Stoles at \$6.75 to 15.00 each.

Also specially reduced to close out promptly, Ostrich and Marabout Muffs, black and white, at \$15.00. Value \$25.00 each. Stoles to match, \$16.75. Value \$27.00. Black and Natural Marabout Muffs, \$5.00. Value \$8.00. Black and Natural Marabout and Ostrich Muffs, \$6.75. Value \$10.00. Marabout Stoles, \$3.95. Regular price \$6.50.

James McCutcheon & Co., 5th Ave. & 34th St., N. Y. Opposite Waldorf-Astoria.

Stocks and Bonds Wanted by many readers of the Morning and Sunday NEW YORK WORLD who outnumber, in New York City, the readers of the Herald, Times, Sun and Tribune ADDED TOGETHER.

See how The World leads in "QUALITY" advertising: OF THE HIGHEST CLASS OF ADVERTISEMENTS—those, for instance, which SEEK CAPITAL FOR INVESTMENT—REAL ESTATE ADS. BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY ADS. FINANCIAL ADS. There were printed last year 179,022 in THE WORLD. 26,463 MORE than the Herald. If World readers were not INVESTORS this truly remarkable World lead in "Quality" advertising could never have been established and maintained.

MRS. LEEDS WINS SUIT FOR EXTRA DUTY ON PEARLS

Long Fight of Government in Famous Case Ends in Victory for Society Woman.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 18.—The Government through a decision of the Supreme Court to-day failed to get \$10,000 additional duty on a necklace of pearls owned by Mrs. William B. Leeds of New York and Newport.

When the pearls were imported in 1906 from Paris for Mrs. Leeds, only a 10 per cent. duty was paid on them, or about \$22,000. This was under a classification of the ornaments as pearls in the natural state, not strung or set.

Practically ever since the government has been seeking to collect a 60 per cent. duty, claiming the pearls were "set or strung." It based this largely on the statements that Mrs. Leeds wore the pearls in Paris before they were imported.

DOESN'T LIKE TO BE ASKED FOR "REFERENCES." She is asked for "references," perhaps, and the great-grandfather turns over in his grave. Mrs. Knickerbocker doesn't like it either.

Perhaps she is standing in the gilded lobby of an apartment house in earnest conference with the superintendent.

The gilt elevator opens, the gilt elevator girl rushes forward to open the door. He is followed by a gilt valet, carrying a gentleman's coat and an impressionist complexion, a sweet face, a head that has robbed the peroxide bottle and several ornichons, a gold bag, a Pompadour, a diamond watch and a diamond ring.

The superintendent bows low, the hallboy helps the Pompadour and the Pompadour Venus into the car, and the superintendent, resuming his haughty manner, turns to Mrs. Knickerbocker.

"Of course, we require references, the names of two persons who can testify to your husband's financial ability," says Mrs. Knickerbocker with a dead, she has yet to realize that if it ever so humble there is no apartment house without its quota of gilded visions who toll not neither do they spin, but Solomon in all his glory was not arraged even as they.

BIEN JOIE GRECIAN-TRECO

Advertisement for Bien Jolie Grecian-Treco corsets, featuring an illustration of a woman in a corset and text describing the product's benefits and availability.

Advertisement for McGibbon & Co. featuring text: "McGibbon & Co. (Formerly Broadway and 10th St.) Have Removed to Nos. 1 and 3 West 37th Street TO-MORROW Special Values in French Hand-made Undergarments."

Advertisement for Carbona Co. featuring text: "Copies of this placard FREE on request. We comply with the law in Fire Prevention. Please co-operate with us by keeping doorways, passages, stairs and fire-escapes free from obstructions. Do not allow waste or rubbish to accumulate. Do not light matches and throw them away carelessly. Do not bring lighted cigars or cigarettes into these premises. Benzine, naphtha, gasoline, alcohol, kerosene, turpentine and all dangerous fluids prohibited."